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SPLendid CUP.

SPLENDID CUP,

From a rare Print, by HOLLAR.

THE Engraving represents an interesting memorial of ancient art, being the design for a splendid cup, by Mantegna, an eminent Italian painter. It is copied from a print by Hollar, after a pen-and-ink drawing, by the designer. The print is exceedingly rare, and we are uncertain as to the existence of the original drawing. From the dwelling of Mantegna it was transferred to Arundel House, in the Strand; but we can trace it no further. The cup we take to have been designed for the altar, from its characteristic ornaments generally, and especially from the compartments in the upper part, representing scenes in the Life of Our Saviour: as, Riding into Jerusalem—the Prayer on the Mount—Before Pilate—the Scourging, and others.

Of the designer, Andrea Mantegna, or Mantenio, Strutt, Fuseli, and others, supply many attractive particulars. Mantegna was born in 1431, in an obscure village near Padua. Cradled in indigence, he, when very young, tended sheep for his subsistence; but, being gifted by nature with a happy genius for the imitative arts, he employed all his leisure in endeavouring to sketch the objects around him; and we need not add that his shepherd life must have presented many delightful scenes for his infant pencil, and have thus fostered his early genius. This was soon noticed by Squarcione, that observant protector of the fine arts, who was surnamed "the Father of Painters." He took charge of the education of Mantegna, and conceiving an ardent affection for him, which increased with the increasing merit of his *protégé*, he finally made him heir to his fortune.

Mantegna's chief abode and school were at Mantua; but he worked much at Rome, where he painted a chapel in the Vatican, which existed at the accession of Pius VI. Mantegna married the daughter of John Bellino, at Venice. Correggio became his disciple, and the Duke of Mantua his warm admirer and patron: from his hands the artist received the honour of knighthood, and for him he painted that celebrated picture, "the Triumph of Julius Cæsar," which he afterwards engraved, and which is now in Hampton-court Palace. Mantegna's masterpiece is, however, the picture della Vittoria, now at Paris. It is a votive composition, dedicated, for a victory obtained, to the Madonna, seated on her throne, with the infant standing in her lap.

Mantegna was too much occupied by large works to be a cabinet painter; and pieces are often attributed to him in which he had no hand. He distinguished himself highly in the art of perspective; and Lomazzo

affirms that "Mantegna was the first who opened the eyes of artists in that branch." He was, also, one of the first engravers of his time, and one of the earliest engravers on metal. He was celebrated for his *pen-and-ink drawings*, such as the original of Hollar's print and our engraving; another of his drawings was in the possession of the late Benjamin West. The subject was an attempt to restore an allegorical picture of Apelles, painted from an event in his own life. Mantegna had great influence on the style of his age, and was much imitated. He began some fine frescos in the castle of Mantua, which were finished by Francesco, and another of his sons, who added a beautiful ceiling, which showed great proficiency in foreshortening. Mantegna died in 1505.

"Some critics, (says Landseer,) have thought that this artist's admiration of the antique was too predominant in his works; that it too frequently engrossed his powers, and hurried him too entirely away from the contemplation of nature, which must always be one of the parents of originality of art. Yet, if his enthusiasm be a fault, it is a fault proceeding so necessarily and so immediately from the localities of time and place, and the redundancy of his merits, that it is as secure of pardon from the candid, as those merits are of praise."

The disappearance of Mantegna's drawing of the cup from the stores of Arundel House, is more a matter of regret than of surprise. During the civil wars, this celebrated mansion,* was often deserted by its illustrious proprietors, and some of the marbles were defaced and broken, and others stolen or used for the ordinary purposes of building. The chronological marble, in particular, was broken and defaced; and the upper, containing thirty-ous epochs, is said to have been used in repairing a chimney in Arundel House. In the year 1667, the Honourable Henry Howard, afterwards Duke of Norfolk, the grandson of the first collector, presented these curious remains of antiquity to the university of Oxford; another portion was removed to the noble mansion of the Duke of Norfolk, called Workshop Manor, Nottinghamshire, which was, unfortunately, destroyed by fire in the year 1761.

MORNING.

SOME time since there appeared in Hood's *Comic Annual* a few lines on Evening, the metre and rhyming of which were framed in a new style of versification. The following lines are on the same plan.

The sun appears and its rise dyes skies,
And wakes from slumber ev'ry bedded head;
The sweeps not daring now to cry high, sigh,
And fear to wake, as thus they creep, deep sleep:
The labourers, as they on their walk stalk, talk;

* Engraved in the Mirror, vol. xviii. p. 40.

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Though some, who like at home to lurk, shirk work.
The coaches now come on the stand, grand band,
Though some men, p'h'aps, a cabriolet may pay.
Now fully dreading the great school-rule, (fool!)
Along the streets prepares to go slow Joe;
Nor is his horror of the cane vain pain,
For soon it rattles on his back, thwack, whack!
Some who've been up all night, quack white,
Slak homewards shrinking from the day's rays
gaze.

—It now is later, and near ten; men then
Pour out more numerous; round St. Paul's tall wall,
The coaches rumble; the cads call, bawl, squall,
At last with screaming "Charing Cross, Cross,"
hoarse.

The time is up, the 'bus departs. Carts, Darts,
Times, Eagles, Unions, without care, swear, tear,
And run o'er children who in play may stray.
Reader, my rhymes now only hum-drum come,
Not Noah, I'm sure, of yore, could with all his lore
four more pour. R. H. Y.

THE KING OF SWEDEN.

CHARLES XIV. (says Mr. Alexander Darnley) was born at Pau, January 26, 1764. Years have made but a slight impression on his vigorous constitution. A profusion of black hair covers, without concealing, a lofty forehead, which neither the cares of state nor the hand of time has yet furrowed with a wrinkle. When he speaks, his features assume the same animated expression which struck me when, in his thirty-eighth year, I heard him describe the exploits of the army of Italy. All the muscles of his energetic head, which reveals the activity of thought, and a genius for great undertakings, are then in full play. His piercing, black eyes have lost nothing of their brilliancy; his person has become but slightly corpulent; his figure is still noble and erect; and he still exhibits the same attention to neatness, and the same simple and unaffected elegance which distinguished his manners.

As there is no sovereign, without even excepting the pettiest German prince, more easy of access to whoever desires to speak to him, the officers on duty at the palace, and in the ante-rooms, are a mere state pageant. And this confidence between the sovereign and his subjects is peculiarly remarkable, when we consider that he was by birth a stranger to the nation he has been called upon to govern. It is easy to see that this prince, born among the people, has been impressed with the feeling that he should communicate with the people; and this intimate relation existing between the sovereign and the lowest of his subjects, far from detracting from the respect which should surround the majesty of the throne, only serves to increase it. This facility of communicating with their sovereign is one of those peculiarities which the Swedes take a pleasure in pointing out to the attention of strangers.

When the king drives out to Rosendal, to Haga, or to Drottningholm, it is most commonly in an open carriage, preceded by a single courier. He is accompanied by some

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of the principal officers of state or of his household, but unattended by an escort. Every person he meets is on the alert to take off his hat, and countenances beaming with smiles are sufficient indication of the public satisfaction. He never fails to acknowledge a salute, and on his part it is generally accompanied by one of those expressive and benevolent smiles which communicate such a charm to his features.

His health, though usually very robust, has undergone considerable alteration during the last few years: nevertheless, I am of opinion that he is still capable of sustaining the hardships of war, if necessity should render them indispensable.

In the audiences granted to us by his Majesty, he frequently entered into statistical details, evincing the most extensive knowledge of the situation of Sweden. "When I came to the throne," he observed, "agriculture was almost in its infancy. I have helped to give it an immense impulse. Formerly, Sweden imported a large quantity of corn, to supply the deficiency of produce; at present, she exports several cargoes annually; and the sustained progress of cultivation, the reclaiming of lands which may be observed in every direction, is a sufficient indication that this exportation will increase from year to year. I have regulated the finances on the soundest system; the public debt is almost annihilated; the taxes are collected almost without expense—a notice is posted on the church door of the amount of taxes due by each person, and it is paid without any further trouble. The Swedes are a peculiarly moral people. Among no other people is crime so unfrequent; and an organized police is a thing utterly unknown to them. The canals which I have cut, will at once aid the development of commerce, and serve for the defence of our territory; our national army amounts to 120,000 men, and is the least burdensome establishment of the kind in Europe; and although Sweden is but a third-rate power, I am fully convinced of the political importance she will achieve in the eyes of Europe, in the event of my being forced to draw the sword in defence of her honour or her interests."

Prince Oscar is much beloved by the Swedes. "He is our son," say they; "it is we who have trained him up to reign over Sweden." He has scrupulously adopted all the manners and customs of the Swedes; his table is served after the Swedish fashion, and nothing is spoken but Swedish; while, at the table of the king, the French language is generally in use.

W. G. C.

The Naturalist.

BRITISH BIRDS.

ACCORDING to Mr. Slaney, there are about twenty song birds of passage which come to

us, and rear their young in our island. Of these, some are local species, and others but partially and thinly scattered. These guests of summer remain to enjoy our finest weather, when the warmth of the climate, the richness of vegetation, and the harmony of nature, invite us abroad. The nightingale is celebrated in all countries: its sober plumage of tawny brown would never attract our attention, though its light and elegant form might excite admiration. This delightful songster is not found north of Shrewsbury in the west, or Doncaster in the east; and is seldom seen in Devonshire or Cornwall. It has been observed, that it is not seen but where cowslips grow plentifully, indicating a damp, cool soil, and probably yielding those insects it delights in. All writers praise the song of this bird. When every object around conveys the sensation of joy, (says Mr. Wilson,) and heaven's abundance is, as it were, showering around us, the grateful heart beats in unison with the varying, elevated strains of this bird. We listen to its notes in a kind of ecstasy, as a hymn to the great and most adorable Creator of all. Abject must that heart be, and callous those feelings, and depraved that taste, which neither the charms of nature, nor the melody of innocence, nor the voice of gratitude or devotion can reach.—W. G. C.

ORIGINAL COUNTRY OF THE GOLDEN PHEASANT.

The golden pheasant, (says a recent writer,) has been supposed, since the time of Buffon, to have come originally from China, but upon what authority is unknown. A passage in Pliny notices this bird by a characteristic feature, which has been overlooked by naturalists, but which cannot be mistaken. The golden pheasant has, on each side of the head, beautiful orange yellow feathers, which curve into a sort of conch or ear, and are susceptible of voluntary motion. The common pheasant does not possess this ornament. Pliny expressly says, "*Phasænæ in Colchis geminas ex plumâ aures submittunt subriguntque.*" From these facts, Dureau de la Malle, in the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*, fixes the country of the bird at Colchis or Mingrelia, whence we have also the common pheasant, whose name is derived from Phasis, the principal river of Colchis. M. Gamba, is stated to have seen and chased the golden pheasant in the chain of the Caucasus, where large flocks are found in company with the common pheasant.—W. G. C.

THE SHARK.

The capture of one of these voracious animals, (says Mr. G. Bennett,) frequently beguiles a tedious hour during a long voyage. Its struggles, when brought on deck, are very great, but a few severe blows on the nose

soon disable it from further exertion. The shark, judging by an European palate, is not good eating; the fins and tail are very glutinous, and are the portions most relished by the seamen, and, dried, they form an article of commerce to China, where they are used in soups, and considered as an excellent aphrodisiac. I have seen several sharks and bonetos about the ship at the same time, but I never observed the former attempt to molest the latter. The shark is eaten eagerly by the natives of the Polynesian Islands; and I have often seen them feasting on it in a raw state, when they gorged themselves to such an excess as to occasion vomiting. It is not an unfrequent source of illness among these islanders, and they suffer so much in consequence, as to lead them to suppose that their dissolution is nigh; but they cannot be persuaded that the eating of raw fish is the cause. An emetic soon removes the symptoms by removing the cause, and the sufferer considers the cure as almost miraculous. Attending the shark is seen that beautiful little fish the gasterosteus ductor, or pilot-fish; who first approaching the bait, returns as if to give notice, when, immediately after, the shark approaches and siezes it. The shark is more wary of taking the bait when unaccompanied by the pilot-fish; he will then approach, and retire several times before he ventures to sieze it. It is a curious circumstance, that this elegant little fish is seen in attendance only upon the shark. After the shark is hooked, the pilot-fish still swims about, and for some time after he has been hauled on deck; they then swim very near the surface of the water, and at that time I have seen them taken by a basket from the chains of the ship. When the shark has been hooked and afterwards escapes, he generally returns and renews the attack with increased ferocity, irritated, perhaps, by the wound he has received. W. G. C.

THE SEAL (PHOCA URSINA.)

The male of this species, (says Mr. Martin,) is sometimes eight feet long, and weighs 800 pounds; but the female is much smaller. The colour of the former is nearly black, and of the latter a dark speckled brown. Their hair is long and rough, and on the neck of the male is upright, and a little longer than the rest. The fore legs are about two feet long, and the hinder ones twenty-two inches; the feet being divided by five toes, separated by a large web, and spreading to the extent of twelve inches. They are prodigiously strong, swimming at the rate of seven miles an hour, and are very tenacious of life, often surviving the most severe wounds. When on shore, they live in families; each male being attended by several females, which he guards with great jealousy. The young ones, at twelve days, are nearly white, and their flesh

bears a resemblance to the male. The males are not so voracious as the females, and become tame. The males are not so voracious as the females, and become tame. The males are not so voracious as the females, and become tame.

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The celebration of the seal—that B. boldt during searches years a pro one of his the Dictat and influ

bears a resemblance to that of sucking pigs. The males, when old, are deserted by the females. They then live apart from the rest, and become exceedingly fierce and quarrelsome. Their contests are often violent and sanguinary, and they inflict wounds on each other not unlike the cuts of a sabre. At the termination of one of these battles, they throw themselves into the sea to wash away the blood.

W. G. C.

THE SEA-ELEPHANT.

It is curious to remark, (says Mr. Weddell,) that the sea-elephant, when lying on the shore, and threatened with death, will often make no effort to escape into the water, but lie still and shed tears, only raising its head to look at the assailants; and though very timid, will wait with composure the club or the lance which takes its life. In close contact, every human effort would be of little avail for the destruction of this animal, unwieldy as it is, were it to rush forward and exert the power of its jaws; for this indeed is so enormous, that, in the agony of death, stones are ground to powder in its teeth.

W. G. C.

CURIOUS INDIAN FISH.

In the collection of the late Sir S. Raffles, was a new species of *Julis*, which, from its coloured markings, has been named by Mr. Bennett, the *Julis argus*, or peacock-fish; the sides, and even the fins, being studded with beautiful ocelli, similar to those which are so much admired in the peacock's tail. The head, according to Mr. Bennett's description, is porous with blue lines. Eight lines of the same colour mark each side of the body longitudinally; and these are crossed by transverse lines, black and dusky, tessellated with ocelli. Similar translucent ocelli stud the dorsal and anal fins.

There is at Singapore a fish, called by the natives *ikan layer*, of about ten or twelve feet long, which hoists a mainsail, and often sails in the manner of a native boat, and with considerable swiftness. The sails, which are beautifully cut, and form a model of a fast-sailing boat, are composed of the dorsal fins of the animal.

W. G. C.

The Public Journals.

BONPLAND AND FRANCIA, DICTATOR OF PARAGUAY.

THE celebrated botanist Monsieur Bonpland—that Bonpland who travelled with Humboldt during the course of his scientific researches in Mexico,—was detained many years a prisoner in Paraguay by Francia. In one of his long, stern, unrelenting moods, the Dictator resisted every effort, supplication, and influence used to obtain the liberation of

Bonpland. This enterprising naturalist, having been led up the river Paraná, on botanical research, found, in a part of the Misiones territory, some fine forests of the yerba, or Paraguay tea tree. The exportation of this commodity having, under the system of Francia's non-intercourse policy, been prohibited from Paraguay, Bonpland, with the Indians residing near the spot, formed an establishment for the purpose of collecting and preparing it.

This of course excited Francia's jealousy. He equipped a small military force, sent it against the establishment of the peaceful but enterprising botanist, completely overthrew it, and carried Bonpland himself a prisoner into Paraguay. The wife and daughter of this gentleman were at the time in Buenos Ayres. His wife, after exhausting, and exhausting in vain, every effort *there*, to obtain her husband's liberation, proceeded at length to Europe, to try what could be done through the mediation of the French court, for the unhappy prisoner. The following letter, transmitted to me from Lima, by my brother, who saw Madame Bonpland there, on her return from Europe, gives a short account of the indefatigable zeal and energy of this amiable and accomplished woman. She is an honour to her sex: she is a most especial honour to the married part of it:—she is a noble, a delightful specimen, of the enterprise to which, with conjugal love as the basis of it, that sex may be stimulated.

"Lima, June 27, 1827.

"MY DEAR JOHN—Madame Bonpland arrived here a few days ago, and I have just had a long conversation with her. She is bound on the perilous enterprise of joining her husband in Paraguay; and it is impossible not to feel the highest interest in her behalf. A year ago Madame Bonpland left Rio de Janeiro with her daughter for France, and there applied to the King for a requisition of the person of Bonpland, as a French subject, from Francia. The French minister proposed addressing him as 'Dr. Francia,' simply, and Madame Bonpland was three months engaged in the arduous enterprise of getting the French cabinet to style him—'His Excellency the Dictator of Paraguay.' It was at last conceded to her, on the solemn promise, that the dispatch should either be delivered by her own hands, or returned to the King: so great was his Majesty's fear that the style of the address might be construed into an acknowledgment of the Doctor's government. Madame Bonpland next got a letter from Mr. Canning, begging Bonpland's person of the Dictator; and she then returned to Rio de Janeiro.

"Here she was disappointed in her hope of getting to Paraguay by the route of Matagroso. She had previously established a

correspondence with General Sucre, who had offered her his assistance in getting to Paraguay, if necessary, by the interior of Peru, and so to the Brazil frontiers, on the river Paraguay, whence she could descend it, and reach Assumption.

"She sailed from Rio de Janeiro for Valparaiso, and arrived there lately. She there got letters again, from the Chile government, in favour of her husband, for Francia. She now waits here for General La Mar, (the President of Peru,) to get letters to the same effect from him. She will proceed hence back to Arica, and so to La Paz. At this place she expects either to hear from Francia, or to get a military escort from General Sucre, with which to proceed straight across the country to Paraguay.

"The undertaking is as singular and arduous as can well be imagined: and you cannot conceive a more interesting woman for the undertaking than Madame Bonpland. She is of the age, and figure, and elegance of Lady P——y. Her face is not so handsome, but full of soul and intelligence; and she is not only accomplished and fascinating in her manners, but has a really intelligent and well-cultivated mind.

"She left her daughter at Paris, and has no companion for her proposed undertaking. Our old school-fellow, Captain Tait, of H.M.S. Volage, has agreed to give her a passage to Arica.

"I am only afraid, alas! that the savage nature, and phlegmatic, cold-blooded feelings of Francia, are totally incapable of relenting, even at the sight of female heroism in distress, like that of Madame Bonpland.

"Yours, &c.

(Signed) WILLIAM —."

A single glance at the map, most gracious reader (and if a man, in admiration of Madame Bonpland's devotion—if a woman, as a tribute of respect for what she could undertake,—of sympathy for what she must have suffered, you should bestow this glance,) a single glance at the map will show the nature and extent of her voyages and travels, for the one object of procuring her husband's liberation from captivity.

First, she sailed from the river Plate to France; thence to England; and across the Atlantic again, from England to Rio de Janeiro; from hence you will see, that had she been permitted to follow up her original intention of crossing the country to Paraguay, she might have reached Assumption in three weeks, the distance between it and Rio de Janeiro, by the land route, being not more than 800 miles. This, however, she could not do, and so sailed from Rio round the cold and boisterous region of Cape Horn, to Valparaiso. At Valparaiso she embarked for Lima, and sailed back from Lima to

Arica. From hence, crossing the sandy deserts of Peru, herself the only female, escorted through a savage country by rough soldiers, she made her way to the river Paraguay, above Assumption, and then embarking in a canoe, was paddled by Indians down the stream, till she came to Francia's capital. Before she could reach this place, she must have sailed and travelled from the time of her first leaving Buenos Ayres, 21,500 miles.

She did then reach Paraguay—had an interview with the Dictator—prostrate at his feet, she laid her credentials before him;—she entreated, wept, implored—"Oh, sir, restore to me my husband!" Vain were her tears, and useless were her supplications. As well might they have been addressed to the flinty rock, or the howling wind. Francia's heart was harder than the adamant—more chilling than the blast. Not only did he refuse to liberate Bonpland, but even to permit his wife to see him. Back she measured her desolate and solitary steps to Chile; and there in widowed sadness—her husband still alive—she set herself to earn a scanty subsistence by the establishment of a school.

Bonpland was liberated, and allowed to leave Paraguay, some years after the date of the preceding letter from Lima, in consequence of a remonstrance addressed by the French consul to Francia, from Buenos Ayres, which had, I believe, the effect of intimating the Dictator.* Of the subsequent fortune or fate of Bonpland and his wife, I have had no information—*New Monthly Magazine.*

LOVE IN THE LIBRARY.

I WAS strolling on through one of the most fashionable and romantic streets (when did those two words ever before find themselves in a sentence together?) when a drawing-room with which I was very familiar, lit, unlike most others on that bright night, by a suspended lamp, and crowded with company, attracted my attention for a moment. Between the house and the street there was a slight shrubbery shut in by a white paling, just sufficient to give an air of seclusion to the low windows without concealing them from the passer-by, and, with the freedom of an old visiter, I unconsciously stopped, and looked unobserved into the rooms. It was the residence of a magnificent girl, who was generally known as the Connecticut beauty—a singular instance in America of what is called in England a *fine* woman. (With us that word applies wholly to moral qualities.) She was as large as Juno, and a good deal handsomer, if the painters have done that much-snubbed goddess justice. She was a

* It was intimated to him that there were then French ships of war in the river Plate, and that they would no longer permit the unjust violation either of the liberty or the property of French subjects.

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"book of beauty" printed with virgin type. The lady I speak of looked *new*—and her name was Isidora.

She was standing just under the lamp, with a single rose in her hair, listening to a handsome coxcomb of a classmate of mine with evident pleasure. She was a great fool, (did I mention that before?) but weak and vacant, and innocent of an idea as she was, Faustina was not more naturally majestic, nor Psyche (*soit elle en grande*) more divinely and meaningly graceful. Loveliness and fascination came to her as dew and sunshine to the flowers, and she obeyed her instinct as they theirs, and was helplessly, and without design, the loveliest thing in nature. I do not see, for my part, why all women should not be so.

I was looking at her with irresistible admiration, when a figure stepped out from the shadow of a tree, and my chum, monster, and ally, Job Smith, laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Do you know, my dear Job," I said, in a solemn tone of admonition, "that blind John was imprisoned for looking into people's windows?"

But Job was not in the vein for pleasantry. The light fell on his face as I spoke to him, and a more haggard, almost blasted expression of countenance, I never saw even in a madhouse. I well knew he had loved the splendid girl that stood unconsciously in our sight, since his first year in college; but that it would ever so master him, or that he could link his monstrous deformity, even in thought, with that radiant vision of beauty, was a thing that I thought as probable as that hire-sute Pan would tempt from her sphere the moon that kissed Endymion.

"I have been standing here looking at Isidora, ever since you left me," said he. (We had parted three hours before, at twilight.)

"And why not go in, in the name of common sense?"

"Oh! Phil!—with this demon in my heart? Can you see my face in this light?"

It was too true! he would have frightened the household gods from their pedestals.

"But what would you do, my dear Job? why come here to madden yourself with a sight you must have known you would see?"

"Phil!"

"What, my dear boy?"

"Will you do me a kindness?"

"Certainly."

"Isidora would do anything you wished her to do."

"Um! with a reservation, my dear chum?"

"But she would give you the rose that is in her hair."

"Without a doubt."

"And for me—if you told her it was for me. Would she not?"

"Perhaps. But will that content you?"

"It will soften my despair. I will never look on her face more; but I should like my last sight of her to be associated with kindness."

Poor Job! how true it is that "affection is a fire which kindleth as well in the bramble as in the oak, and catcheth hold where it first lighteth, not where it may best burn." I do believe in my heart that the soul once in thee (now at rest—I trust they have re-set thee, disguised jewel that thou wert, in heaven) was designed for a presentable body—thy instincts were so invariably mistaken. When didst thou ever think a thought, or stir hand or foot, that it did not seem prompted, monster though thou wert, by conscious good-looking-ness! What a lying similitude it was that was written on every blank page in thy Lexicon: "Larks that mount in the air, build their nests below in the earth; and women that cast their eyes upon kings, may place their hearts upon vassals." Apelles must have been better looking than Alexander, when Campaspe said that!

You should hesitate to require of friendship a violation of etiquette. I was in a round jacket and boots, and it was a dress evening throughout Newhaven. I looked at my dust-covered feet, when Job asked me to enter a soirée upon his errand, and passed my thumb and finger around the edge of my white jacket—but I loved Job as the Arabian loves his camel, and for the same reason, with a difference—the imperishable well-spring he carried in his heart through the desert of the world, and which I well knew he would give up his life to offer at need, as patiently as the animal whose construction (inner and outer) he so remarkably resembled. When I hesitated, and looked down at my boots, therefore, it was less to seek for an excuse to evade the sacrificing office required of me, than to beat about in my unprepared mind for a preface to my request. If she had been a woman of sense, I should have had no difficulty; but it requires caution and skill to go out of the beaten track with a fool.

"Would not the rose do as well," said I, in desperate embarrassment, "if she does not know that it is for you, my dear Job?" It would have been very easy to have asked for it for myself.

Job laid his hand upon his side, as if I could not comprehend the pang my proposition gave him.

"Away, prop, and down, scaffold," thought I, as I gave my jacket a hitch, and entered the door.

"Mr. Slingsby," announced the servant.

"Mr. Slingsby?" inquired the mistress of the house, seeing only a white jacket in the *clair obscure* of the hall.

"Mr. Slingsby!" cried out twenty voices in amazement, as I stepped over the threshold into the light.

It has happened since the days of Thebet Ben Khorat, that scholars have gone mad, and my sanity was evidently the uppermost concern in the minds of all present. (I should observe, that in those days I relished rather of dandyism.) As I read the suspicion in their minds, however, a thought struck me. I went straight up to Miss Higgins, and, *sotto voce*, asked her to take a turn with me in the garden.

"Isidora," I said, "I have long known your superiority of mind," (when you want anything of a woman, praise her for that in which she is most deficient, says La Bruyere,) "and I have great occasion to rely on it in the request I am about to make of you."

She opened her eyes, and sailed along the gravel-walk with heightened majesty. I had not had occasion to pay her a compliment before since my freshman year.

"What is it, Mr. Slingsby?"—"You know Smith—my chum."—"Certainly."—"I have just come from him."—"Well."—"He is gone mad!"—"Mad! Mr. Slingsby?"—"Stark and furious!"—"Gracious goodness!"—"And all for you!"—"For me!"—"For you!" I thought her great blue eyes would have become what they call in America "sot," at this astounding communication.

"Now, Miss Higgins," I continued, "pray listen; my poor friend has such extraordinary muscular strength, that seven men cannot hold him."—"Gracious!"—"And he has broken away, and is here at your door."—"Good gracious!"

"Don't be afraid! He is as gentle as a kitten when I am present. And now hear my request.—He leaves town to-morrow, as you well know, not to return. I shall take him home to Vermont with keepers. But he is bent upon one thing, and in that you must humour him."

Miss Higgins began to be alarmed.

"He has looked through the window and seen you with a rose in your hair, and, despairing, even in his madness, of your love, he says, that if you would give him that rose with a kind word, and a farewell, he should be happy. You will do it, will you not?"

"Dear me! I should be so afraid to speak to him."

"But will you? and I'll tell you what to say."

Miss Higgins gave a reluctant consent, and I passed ten minutes in drilling her upon two sentences, which, with her fine manner and sweet voice, really sounded like the most interesting thing in the world. I left her in the summer-house at the end of the garden, and returned to Job.

"You have come without it!" said the despairing lover, falling back against the tree.

"Miss Higgins's compliments, and begs you will go round by the gate, and meet her

in the summer-house. She prefers to manage her own affairs."

"Good heavens! are you mocking me?"

"I will accompany you, my dear boy!"

There was a mixture of pathos and ludicrousness in that scene which starts a tear and a laugh together, whenever I recall it to my mind. The finest heart in the world, the most generous, the most diffident of itself, yet the most self-sacrificing and delicate, was at the altar of its devotion, offering its all in passionate abandonment for a flower and a kind word; and she, a goose in the guise of an angel, repeated a phrase of kindness, of which she could not comprehend the meaning or the worth, but which was to be garnered up by that half-broken heart, as a treasure that repaid him for years of unrequited affection! She recited it really very well. I stood at the latticed door, and interrupted them the instant there was a pause in the dialogue; and getting Job away as fast as possible, I left Miss Higgins with a promise of secrecy, and resumed my midnight stroll.

Apropos—among Job's papers, which I looked over with some curiosity after his death, there was a copy of verses which, spite of some little inconsistencies, I think were written on this very occasion. If his ghost interrupt me not before I get through, they ran thus:—

Nay—smile not on me! I have borne

Indifference and repulse from thee;

With my heart sickening I have worn

A brow, as thine own cold one, free;

My lip has been as gay as thine,

Ever thine own light mirth repeating.

Though, in this burning brain of mine,

A throb, the while, like death, was beating

My spirit did not shrink or swerve—

Thy look—I thank thee!—froze the nerve!

But now again, as when I met

And loved thee in my happier days,

A smile upon thy bright lip plays,

And kindness in thine eye is set—

And this I cannot bear!

It melts the manhood from my pride,

It brings me closer to thy side—

Bewilders—chains me there—

There—where my dearest hope was crush'd and died!

Oh, if thou couldst but know the deep

Of love that hope has nursed for years,

How in the heart's still chambers sleep

Its hoarded thoughts, its trembling fears—

Treasure that love has brooded o'er

Till life, than this, has nothing more—

And couldst thou—but 'tis vain!—

I will not, cannot tell thee, how

That hoard consumes its coffer now—

I may not write of pain

That sickens in the heart, and maddens in the brain!

Then smile not on me! pass me by

Coldly, and with a careless mien—

'Twill pierce my heart, and fill mine eye,

But I shall be as I have been—

Quiet in my despair!

'Tis better than the throbbing fever

That else were in my brain for ever,

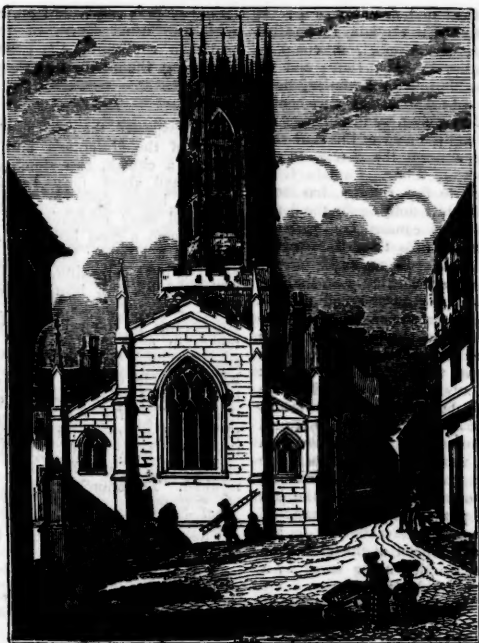
And easier to bear!

I'll not upbraid the coldest look—

The bitterest word thou hast, in my sad pride I'll brook!

New Monthly Magazine.

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ALL-HALLOWS CHURCH, YORK.

Of forty-five parish churches formerly existing in York, only twenty-three remain. Of these, the church of All-hallows, in the Pavement, is an ancient rectory, belonging, before the Conquest, to the prior and convent of Durham. It stands on the highest ground in the city. The north side of the church is almost entirely built with the ruins of ancient Eboracum.

This church is chiefly celebrated for its fine Gothic tower, terminating in the lantern form with pinnacles, and pierced with graceful windows. Within this lantern tower, we are told by tradition that, in ancient times, a large lamp was suspended, and lighted at night, as a mark for travellers in crossing the vast forest of Galtres on the north of the city; and the hook on which the lamp was hung is yet to be seen within the tower.

It has been observed that "there is something peculiarly appropriate and characteristic in lights being thus placed within the towers of churches: the benighted traveller of a reflective turn of mind would consider them as symbolic; for, as their light points out his road on earth, so the light that

shineth around the hallowed church will guide him to everlasting bliss: whilst the mariner tossed upon the mountain sea in pitchy darkness may alike look to these church-lights for rays of hope and trust in the providence of Him, without whose will not a sparrow falleth to the ground."⁹

* Domestic Life in England, 1835.

New Books.

NARRATIVE OF A SECOND VOYAGE IN SEARCH OF A NORTH-WEST PASSAGE, &c.

(By Sir John Ross, Captain in the Royal Navy, &c.)

This bulky quarto of 750 pages, with thirty illustrations, contains the details of Sir John Ross' Second Expedition, with a Narrative of his Residence in the Arctic Regions, during the years 1829, 30, 31, 32, and 33; the Reports of Commander, now Captain J. C. Ross; and the Discovery of the Northern Magnetic Pole. As the outline of the Expedition has already appeared in this Miscellany, our present task is to make an entertaining selection from the rich and

almost exhaustless materials before us. It will be recollected that Captain Ross sailed in the *Victory* steam-vessel, in company with a store-ship, in May, 1829; and we gather from his Narrative that the engine of the former proved useless; they were beaten by every vessel they saw, so ill did they sail upon a wind; and the crew of the store-ship *John*, mutinied, and left the *Victory* to proceed on the voyage alone. Captain Ross, since his return to this country, has been satisfied that he lost nothing by the defection of his intended consort, and, perhaps, escaped far greater evils than those which ultimately befell him. He adds:]

It was but in the following year, that the *John*, under the same master and officers, and with the same crew, barring one or two exceptions, sailed to Baffin's Bay on a whaling expedition. From causes which have never come to light, a mutiny took place on board, attended by the death of the master, Comb, but under circumstances which have not yet been rightly explained, as far as I can understand. The mate, with a boat's crew, were expelled at the same time; and having never since been heard of, are supposed to have perished in the ice. The ship, then put under the command of the Spikesoneer, was afterwards lost on the western coast, when most of the crew were drowned; the remainder being saved by a whaler which was accidentally passing.

[This was a disastrous commencement of an expedition which had been generally viewed with distrust. But Captain Ross, nothing discouraged, resolved to proceed. Accordingly, in the beginning of July, he reached Davis's Straits, and towards the close of the month, he visited the Danish settlement at Holsteinborg, and here received some]

Cheering Information.

We were assured that the present season was the mildest which had been known during the memory of the oldest person in this settlement, and that the preceding one had also been unusually mild. With this, they declared their conviction, that if ever the north-west passage was discovered, it would be in the present summer. In detail, they stated that there were only three days during all the latter part of the preceding year, in which the harbour might not have been crossed by a boat; that the thermometer had only been for one day as low as minus 18°, and that since that time it had never stood beneath 9° below zero (both) of Reaumur. This was a great contrast to the five preceding years, during which it had often, and for a considerable time, been as low as 32° below zero of the same scale. They also added, that although there had been a good deal of snow during the winter,

there had been very little frost in comparison with the usual course of things; every particular confirming the general assertion respecting the mildness of the present summer.

Holsteinborg.

We inspected the settlement, which consisted of the Governor's and clergyman's houses, a church, two storehouses, a bake-house, and about forty Esquimaux huts. The two houses were built of wood, having a ground story containing a commodious dining-room, a good bed-room, a small parlour, and a kitchen; the Governor's having an extra room adjoining, for the accommodation of his two boats' crews, and two pilots. The apartments were low, and having cross-beams in the ceiling, resembled the fore-cabin of a 50-gun ship. The upper story contained only bed-rooms for servants, being a species of attic. To the church there is a small steeple, somewhat surmounting the building; the inside being neat and plain, with an organ at one extremity and the altar at the other, though the former was not seen, as it had been sent home to be repaired. The church is capable of containing 200 persons, and is well attended; the sermon and prayers being in the Esquimaux and in the Danish languages on the alternate Sundays. I need not say that the Danish form is the Lutheran; nor need I repeat the praise so well deserved, and so often bestowed on the Danish Government for their attention to the spiritual welfare of the Greenlanders; and as little need I notice the well-known success, which has attended the labours of the worthy clergymen who have undertaken this office, under such a banishment and such privations.

Esquimaux Hymn.

The clergyman at Holsteinborg presented me with a hymn in the Esquimaux language, which I subjoin for the sake of the few who may take an interest in this widespread tongue.

KONGIVTINIK.

ERIN.—*Nallunahan tokoviksara.*
Amêrdlarsorsangortikit
Atâtak! Kongim udloec!
Tamasa pillêc attatikit
Parlugto kotsinguerme
Tusârkîit tukalsativut
Sajmaugiuglo kongerput!
Tennitarpin opênaruseek
Arûtigeiarliuk
Tamâtigudlo sajmaruseek
Illigit noellundelluk
Tosârkîin—â! Kenutivut
Sajmaugiuglo Kongerput!

TRANSLATION.

OF OUR KING.

TUNE.—*Nallunahan tokoviksara.*

Make many, O Father! the days of the king;
make steadfast all his doings, preserving him on high;
hear our prayers, and be gracious to our king.

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Let truth ever be the ornament of thine anointed, and let him every where show mildness as thou. Oh! hear our prayers and be gracious to our king.

[They sailed from Holsteinborg on July 26th, and on the 30th first saw ice. Proceeding down Lancaster Sound on August 12th, they reached Fury Beach, and there the *Victory* moored.]

Wreck of the Fury.

The *Victory* being now securely moored in a good ice-harbour, within a quarter of a mile of the place where the *Fury's* stores were landed, we were anxious to examine the spot; and having ordered the men a good meal, with the rest to which they were so well entitled, I landed at nine with Commander Ross, Mr. Thom, and the surgeon. We found the coast almost lined with coal; and it was with no common interest that we proceeded to the only tent which remained entire. This had been the mess tent of the *Fury's* officers; but it was too evident that the bears had been paying frequent visits. There had been a pocket near the door where Commander Ross had left his memorandum book and specimens of birds; but it was torn down, without leaving a fragment of what it contained. The sides of the tent were also in many places torn out of the ground, but it was in other respects entire.

Where the preserved meats and vegetables had been deposited, we found every thing entire. The canisters had been piled up in two heaps; but though quite exposed to all the chances of the climate, for four years, they had not suffered in the slightest degree. There had been no water to rust them, and the security of the joinings had prevented the bears from smelling their contents. Had they known what was within, not much of this provision would have come to our share, and they would have had more reason than we to be thankful for Mr. Donkin's patent. On examining the contents, they were not found frozen, nor did the taste of the several articles appear to have been in the least degree altered. This was indeed no small satisfaction; as it was not our luxury, but our very existence and the prospect of success, which were implicated in this most gratifying discovery. The wine, spirits, sugar, bread, flour, and cocoa, were in equally good condition, with exception of a part of the latter which had been lodged in provision-casks. The lime-juice and the pickles had not suffered much; and even the sails, which had been well made up, were not only dry, but seemed as if they had never been wetted. It was remarkable, however, that while the spun yarn was bleached white, all appearance and smell of tar had vanished from it.

We proceeded now to the beach where the *Fury* had been abandoned, but not a trace of

her hull was to be seen. There were many opinions; but all were equally at liberty to conjecture what had become of the wreck. Having often seen, however, what the moving masses of ice could do on this coast, it was not difficult to guess in general what we could not explain in detail. She had been carried bodily off, or had been ground to atoms, and floated away to add to the drift timber of these seas. At any rate, she was not to be found; we had seen no appearance of her during the ten miles that we had coasted within pistol-shot of the shore to the southward of this place, and we now examined it for two miles to the northward with no better success.

We therefore returned on board, and made preparations for embarking a sufficiency of stores and provisions to complete our equipment for two years and three months; being what we expected to want on the one hand, and to obtain on the other. I need not say that it was an occurrence not less novel than interesting, to find in this abandoned region of solitude, and ice, and rocks, a ready market where we could supply all our wants, and, collected in one spot, all the materials for which we should have searched the warehouses of Wapping or Rotherhithe: all ready to be shipped when we chose, and all free of cost; since it was the certainty of this supply, and a well-grounded one it proved, that had formed the foundation of the present expedition.

A list of our wants was accordingly made out by Mr. Thom, who remained on board to receive the stores, together with the leading mate and a few hands. On shore, the rest of the crew were ready with the boats to receive and transport whatever was to be taken; and the steward, together with the surgeon, were employed in selecting whatever appeared to be of the best quality. Yet all that we could possibly stow away seemed scarcely to diminish the piles of canisters, of which we embarked whatever we could, together with such flour, cocoa, and sugar, as we wanted; all that we took being in excellent condition.

August 14.—We continued our embarkations this day, including ten tons of coals; and, after allowing the men some rest, we contrived to get these, together with all the provisions and a part of the stores, on board before dinner-time. We had found the spare mizen topmast of the *Fury*; and this was selected by the carpenter for a new boom, in place of the one that we had lost. We also got some anchors and hawsers, together with some boatswain's and carpenter's stores to make up our deficiencies. Some of the best of the sails were taken to make housings; having found that belonging to the *Fury* damaged from having been ill made up, and from having lain in a situation which pre-

vented the melted snow from running off. A screen lined with fearnought was also found in tolerable condition; but the bears had overset the harness cask, and devoured nearly the whole of the contents. We found that some of the candle-boxes had been entered, either by ermines or mice; one of them being entirely emptied, and the others partially. Though bleached, and especially on the upper side, as I already remarked of the spun yarn, none of the ropes were rotten, the cables seemed perfect; and thence we concluded that the canvass of the tents had merely been blown away by the wind, after the bears had loosened the cloths at the foot, in attempting an entrance.

The chain cable and the carronades were more or less covered by the small stones on the beach, and, except being slightly rusted, were just as they had been left. The powder magazine, detached from the rest of the store, was unroofed, and the waterproof cloth of it in tatters; but the patent cases had kept the gunpowder itself perfectly dry. We selected from it what we thought we should require, and then, in compliance with Sir Edward Parry's request, and our own sense of what was right, caused the remainder to be destroyed, lest it should prove a source of injury to any Esquimaux who might hereafter chance to visit this spot. And with this we ended our new outfit: storing ourselves, somewhat like Robinson Crusoe, with whatever could be of use to us in the wreck; yet if thus far greedy, having in view but the execution of our plan, and precluded by our limited means of stowage from encumbering ourselves with superfluities.

In the evening we obtained sights for our chronometers, and found that they gave a difference of 40' in longitude from that which had been laid down in the chart: and as this was the first place of verification which we had obtained since leaving England, we carried on both sets of longitudes in our proceedings till it should be ascertained by a series of observations which was nearest the truth.

[After leaving the *Fury*, they were beset with difficulties. In quitting Elizabeth Harbour they encountered many]

Perils among the Ice.

Sept. 11.—Our iceberg floated last night at half-past twelve; but we at last succeeded in mooring it, together with ourselves, to the rocks within a small bight on the side of the stream; while, as it drew more water than the ship, it kept us from grounding; allowing us to lie quiet all night within a few yards of the rocks, and in three fathoms water. After a foggy morning, there appeared at one, some chance of moving, as there was a fresh breeze from the north-west. The attempt, however, was made in vain;

and after three hours of hard labour, we could neither proceed, nor extricate the ship, so that we were obliged to submit ourselves to the ice, which was now closely packed in the whole channel which it occupied. It was in vain that we attempted to disengage ourselves, even when it got into motion; labouring hard for this purpose till ten o'clock: but a calm occurring at midnight, we became comparatively tranquil and easy.

Sept. 12.—Nevertheless it was a critical position, beset in the rapid current of a rocky channel, at the spring tides of the autumnal equinox; and, as the tide rose, the heavy masses of ice which were set afloat increased our danger, its action forcing them on us. We therefore thought ourselves lucky in getting hold of a grounded iceberg; though the points of rocks were appearing all round, and close by our ship. Unfortunately, however, a wind springing up from the westward, brought down an additional quantity of ice, before daylight, with a great increase of pressure; when the whole mass began to move to the eastward with frightful rapidity, carrying along with it our helpless ship, and amidst a collision and noise, from the breaking of the ice against the rocks, which was truly awful.

* * * * *

To those who have not seen a northern ocean in winter—who have not seen it, I should say, in a winter's storm—the term ice, exciting but the recollection of what they only know at rest, in an inland lake or canal, conveys no idea of what it is the fate of an arctic navigator to witness and to feel. But let them remember that ice is stone; a floating rock in the stream, a promontory or an island when aground, not less solid than if it were a land of granite. Then let them imagine, if they can, these mountains of crystal hurled through a narrow strait by a rapid tide; meeting, as mountains in motion would meet, with the noise of thunder, breaking from each other's precipices, huge fragments, or rending each other asunder, till, losing their former equilibrium, they fall over headlong, lifting the sea around in breakers, and whirling it in eddies; while the flatter fields of ice, forced against these masses, or against the rocks, by the wind and the stream, rise out of the sea till they fall back on themselves, adding to the indescribable commotion and noise which attend these occurrences.

It is not a little, too, to know and feel our utter helplessness in these cases. There is not a moment in which it can be conjectured what will happen in the next: there is not one which may not be the last, and yet that next moment may bring rescue and safety. It is as strange, as it is an anxious position; and, if fearful, often giving no time for fear, so unexpected is every event, and so quick

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the transitions. If the noise, and the motion, and the hurry in every thing around, are distracting—if the attention is troubled to fix on any thing amid such confusion, still must it be alive, that it may seize on the single moment of help or escape which may occur.

Aurora Borealis.

Nov. 25.—There was a brilliant aurora to the south-west, extending its red radiance as far as the zenith. The wind vacillated on the following day, and there was a still more brilliant one in the evening, increasing in splendour till midnight, and persisting till the following morning. It constituted a bright arch the extremities of which seemed to rest on two opposed hills, while its colour was that of the full moon, and itself seemed not less luminous; though the dark and somewhat blue sky by which it was backed, was a chief cause, I have no doubt, of the splendour of its effect.

We can conjecture what the appearance of Saturn's ring must be to the inhabitants of that planet; but here the conjecture was, perhaps, verified; so exactly was the form and light of this arch what we must conceive of that splendid, planetary appendage when seen crossing the Saturnian heavens. It varied, however, at length, so much as to affect this fancied resemblance; yet with an increase of brilliancy and interest. While the mass, or density of the luminous matter was such as to obscure the constellation Taurus, it proceeded to send forth rays in groups, forming such angular points as are represented in the stars of jewellery, and illuminating the objects on land by their coruscations. Two bright nebulae, of the same matter, afterwards appeared beneath the arch; sending forth similar rays, and forming a still stronger contrast with the dark sky near the horizon. About one o'clock, it began to break up into fragments and nebulae; the coruscations becoming more frequent and irregular until it suddenly vanished at four.

Christmas Day in Felix Harbour.

It was Christmas day. There are few places on the civilized earth in which that day is not, perhaps, the most noted of the year; to all, it is at least a holiday; and there are many to whom it is somewhat more. The elements themselves seemed to have determined that it should be a noted day to us, for it commenced with a most beautiful and splendid aurora, occupying the whole vault above. At first, and for many hours, it displayed a succession of arches, gradually increasing in altitude as they advanced from the east and proceeded towards the western side of the horizon; while the succession of changes were not less brilliant than any that we had formerly witnessed. The church

service allotted for this peculiar day was adopted; but, as is the etiquette of the naval service, the holiday was also kept by an unusually liberal dinner, of which roast beef from our Galloway ox, not yet expended, formed the essential and orthodox portion. I need not say that the rule against grog was rescinded for this day, since, without that, it would not have been the holiday expected by a seaman. The stores of the *Fury* rendered us, here, even more than the reasonable service we might have claimed; since they included minced pies, and what would have been more appropriate elsewhere, though abundantly natural here, iced cherry-brandy with its fruit; matters, however, of amusement, when we recollected that we were rioting in the luxuries of a hot London June, without the heat of a ball in Grosvenor Square to give them value, and really without any especial desire for sweetmeats of so cooling a nature. I believe that it was a happy day for all the crew: and happy days had a moral value with us, little suspected by those whose lives of uniformity, and of uniform ease, peace, and luxury, one or all, render them as insensible to those hard-won enjoyments, as unobservant of their effects on the minds of men. To display all our flags, (as shown in the engraving,) was a matter of course; and the brilliancy of Venus was a spectacle which was naturally contemplated as in harmony with the rest of the day.

[Here we halt for the present; but shall resume our extracts in a SUPPLEMENT, next week, to be illustrated with a large and striking Engraving of Felix Harbour, referred to above.]

Retrospective Cleanings.

GUNPOWDER PLOT.*—EXECUTION OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

THE following account of the execution is taken in general from a narrative in the Harleian Miscellany, vol. iii. p. 127, but contains some circumstances derived from other sources. The account given in the Harleian Miscellany is partial, and cannot be considered as a faithful relation of what took place. It is, however, the only account to be found, excepting one given by Father Greenway which, on the ground of partiality, appears to be equally objectionable.

The prisoners, after their condemnation and judgment, being sent back to the Tower, remained there till the Thursday following, on which day four of them, viz. Sir Everard Digby, Robert Winter, John Grant, and Thomas Bates, were drawn upon sledges and hurdles to a scaffold erected at the western end of St. Paul's churchyard. Great pains were taken in the city to render the spectacle

* For a brief Narrative of the Plot, see *Mirror*, vol. x., p. 333.

of the execution as imposing as possible. Among other arrangements made in order to be prepared against any popular tumult, a precept issued from the Lord Mayor to the Alderman of each ward in the city, requiring him "to cause one able and sufficient person, with a halbard in his hand, to stand at the door of every several dwelling-house in the open street in the way that the traitors were to be drawn towards the place of execution; there to remain from seven in the morning until the return of the sheriff."

Now these four above-named being drawn to the scaffold, made on purpose for their execution, first went up Digby, a man of a goodly personage, and a manly aspect; yet might a wary eye, in the change of his countenance, behold an inward fear of death, for his colour grew pale and his eye heavy; notwithstanding that he enforced himself to speak, as stoutly as he could. His speech was not long, and to little good purpose, only, that his belied conscience being but indeed a blinded conceit, had led him into this offence, which, in respect of his religion, alias indeed idolatry, he held no offence, but, in respect of the law, he held an offence, for which he asked forgiveness of God, of the King, and the whole kingdom; and so, with vain and superstitious crossing of himself, betook him to his Latin prayers, mumbling to himself, refusing to have any prayers of any but of the Romish Catholics; went up the ladder, and, with the help of the hangman, made an end of his wicked days in this world.

After him went Winter up the scaffold, where he used few words to any effect, without asking mercy of either God or the King for his offence; went up the ladder, and, making a few prayers to himself, staid not long for his execution.

After him went Grant, who abominably blinded with his horrible idolatry, though he confessed his offence to be heinous, yet would fain have excused it by his conscience for religion; a bloody religion, to make so bloody a conscience; but better that his blood, and all such as he was, should be shed by the justice of the law, than the blood of many thousands to have been shed by his villainy, without law or justice. Having used a few idle words to ill effect, he was, as his fellows before him, led to the halter; and so, after his crossing of himself, to the last part of his tragedy.

Last of them came Bates, who seemed sorry for his offence, and asked forgiveness of God and the King, and of the whole kingdom; prayed to God for the preservation of them all, and, as he said, only for his love to his master, drawn to forget his duty to God, his King, and country, and therefore was now drawn from the Tower to St. Paul's church-

yard, and there hanged and quartered for his treachery. Thus ended that day's business.

The next day, being Friday, were drawn from the Tower to the old palace in Westminster, over against the Parliament House, Thomas Winter the younger brother, Ambrose Rookwood, Robert Keyes, and Guido Fawkes the miner, justly called "the Devil of the Vault;" for had he not been a devil incarnate, he had never conceived so villainous a thought, nor been employed in so damnable an action. Winter first being brought to the scaffold made little speech, but seeming, after a sort, as it were, sorry for his offence, and yet crossing himself, as though those were words to put by the devil's stoccadoes, having already made a wound in his soul; of which he had not yet a full feeling, protesting to die a true Catholic, as he said: with a very pale and dead colour went up the ladder, and after a swing or two with a halter, to the quartering-block was drawn, and there quickly despatched.

Next him came Rookwood, who made a speech of some longer time, confessing his offence to God in seeking to shed blood, and asking therefore mercy of his divine Majesty;—his offence to the King, of whose majesty he likewise humbly asked forgiveness, and his offence to the whole state, of whom in general he asked forgiveness; beseeching God to bless the King, the Queen, and all his royal progeny, and that they might long live to reign in peace and happiness over this kingdom. But last of all, to spoil all the pottage with one filthy weed, to mar this good prayer with an ill conclusion, he prayed God to make the King a Catholic, otherwise a Papist, which God for his mercy ever forbid; and so beseeching the King to be good to his wife and children, protesting to die in his idolatry, a Romish Catholic, he went up the ladder, and, hanging till he was almost dead, was drawn to the block, where he gave his last gasp.

After him came Keyes, who, like a desperate villain, using little speech, with small or no show of repentance, went stoutly up the ladder, where, not staying the hangman's turn, he turned himself off with such a leap, that with the swing he brake the halter, but, after his fall, was drawn to the block, and there was quickly divided into four parts.

Last of all came the great devil of all, Fawkes, alias Johnson, who should have put fire to the powder. His body being weak with torture and sickness, he was scarce able to go up the ladder, but yet, with much ado, by the help of the hangman, went high enough to break his neck with the fall; who made no long speech, but, after a sort, seeming to be sorry for his offence, asked a kind of forgiveness of the King and the state for his bloody intent; and with his crosses and idle ceremonies, made his end upon the gal-

* Repertories in the Town-Clerk's Office.

lows and the block, to the great joy of the beholders, that the land was ended of so wicked a villainy.—*From the Library of Entertaining Knowledge: Criminal Trials, vol. ii. part 1.*

Spirit of Discovery.

ARTESIAN WELLS.

THE phenomena of overflowing, or Artesian wells—so called by the French, from having been long known and practised in Artois—are interesting to the inhabitants of this metropolis, in whose neighbourhood several such wells have of late years been successfully formed, and who may justly expect, from their multiplication, a supply of purer water than is usually to be had in or near London.

The rise and overflow of the water in these wells is referred, with apparent reason, to the same principles as the play of an artificial fountain. Let our readers imagine a somewhat basin-shaped bed of sand, chalk, or any rock of a porous nature, to lie upon a stratum of clay impermeable to water, and to be covered by another stratum equally impermeable. The former bed, being saturated to a great extent by the water which flows into it from its higher and exposed edges—a hilly region, perhaps, where rain falls in abundance—becomes a reservoir which, if an opening is bored down into it through the overlying clay, will discharge its waters upwards with a force and to a height determined by the level at which they are kept in the reservoir, the rate at which they can percolate through its substance, and the size of the orifice. In fact such a well is an artificial spring, fed precisely in the same manner as those which break forth spontaneously from natural fissures. And when the multiplication of these wells for the supply of all London is suggested, we must not forget that every artificial spring so opened in the lower levels of the London basin must rob some natural spring or springs in the higher levels of precisely the same quantity of water as it abstracts from the common subterranean reservoir. The springs which feed the brooks and rivulets of Middlesex, Surrey, and Essex, are only the overflows of the water which saturates the upper strata of chalk that underlie the clay-basin of London; and in proportion as this reservoir is tapped by the borer, must the supply it affords on its upper margin be diminished. The owners of mills and water-meadows along the course of our streams have thus a strong interest in hindering the multiplication of these Artesian channels for conducting to other districts the rills on whose permanence they have so much valuable property dependent.—*Quarterly Review.*

The Gatherer.

Curious Knife.—About twenty or thirty years ago, when Sheffield first became famous for the manufacture of knives, scissors, &c., a very curious knife and one of many uses, was executed with care, and sent to the Cutlers' Company in London. On one of the blades was engraved—

Sheffield made
Both haft and blade!
London! for thy life,
Shew me such another knife!

Cutlers' poetry, even in Shakspeare's time, was not very famous for beauty; but the London cutlers showed that they were men of metal. They finished and sent down to Sheffield a single penknife, with one well-tempered blade, in which was a cavity, and in the cavity a piece of straw unsinged and fresh. There were some lines on the blade, which I do not remember, but which led the Sheffielders to break the knife; when they found the straw, but they could never discover how it could get there, and so confessed themselves outdone. G. H.

Lord Burlington designed General Wade's mansion in Cork-street, which was very inconvenient as a dwelling-house, but had so beautiful a front, that Lord Chesterfield said, "As the General could not live in it to his ease, he had better take a house over against it, and look at it."

The extreme facility with which sounds are heard at a considerable distance, in severely cold weather, (says Captain Parry,) has often been a subject of remark; but a circumstance occurred at Port Bowen, which deserves to be noticed, as affording a sort of measure of this facility, or at least of conveying to others some definite idea of the fact. Lieutenant Forster, having occasion to send a man from the observatory to the opposite shore of the harbour, a measured distance of 6,626 feet, or about one statute mile and two-tenths, in order to fix a meridian mark, had placed a person half-way between, to repeat his directions; but he found, on trial, that this precaution was unnecessary, as he could, without difficulty keep up a conversation with the man at the distant station.

"*In the Wig.*"—Handel wore an enormous white wig, which, when things went well at the oratorio, had a certain nod or vibration; when this sign was wanting, nice observers were seldom wrong in concluding him to be out of humour.

Stand-up Supper.—Tables against the wall, covered with cold negus, and warm ice; where men, women, and children take perpendicular refreshment, like so many horses with their noses in the manger.—*Hook.*

Esquimaux Cunning.—Captain Ross, during his residence in the Arctic Regions, saw one of the Esquimaux who had lost a leg by the bite of a bear. The Captain liberally supplied the poor fellow with a wooden leg, and his gratitude was boundless. Another of the Esquimaux, having a sore on his leg, begged also to have a wooden leg made, expecting thus to gain a piece of timber. The Captain, with some experience of Esquimaux cunning, explained that the first condition was, to cut off the sore leg, which, of course, put an end to this application. On another occasion, Captain Ross recovered a number of articles which the Esquimaux had stolen: the cause of this repentance and restoration is traced to the guns which had been fired for the purpose of experiments on sound. One of the Esquimaux having attended Commander Ross to the observatory, and having asked what the "guns said," was informed that they were naming the thieves, who had taken the missing property; on which there was a general convocation held at the village, and it was agreed to return every thing. It is, however, certain that the Esquimaux considered these pilferings no great crime, since the detection generally produced laughter.

Esquimaux Hut.—In return for a luxurious breakfast of five or six pounds of seal each, two Esquimaux built for Captain Ross a snow hut: the neatness of the workmanship was the least part of the merit of the building; since, excluding perfectly the annoyance of wind or cold air, it was sufficiently transparent to allow the navigators to read off the instruments.

Captain Ross found the meat of the musk-ox very good beef, and without the musky flavour, which may possibly occur only at a particular season.

Esquimaux Children habitually lick their dishes and other utensils, as well as each other's faces. Captain Ross saw one apply his tongue to the hoop of an iron cask, and he was not released without leaving the skin behind.

The Esquimaux consider the matters found in the stomachs of the reindeer a great delicacy; and, however our own may revolt at a vegetable dish cooked in this manner, this forms a very useful and salutary ingredient among their gross, animal diet; since it is scarcely possible for them to collect any eatable vegetables by their own exertions.

They who live in England cannot understand how a year, or years, are expended with so small a progress as that which has attended all the northern exploring voyages; and, if they would translate the word year into month, it would enable them to form juster conceptions of these voyages, and of

the actual time expended on the results which have been obtained.—*Ross.*

Martin's "Deluge" is the most simple of his works,—it is, perhaps, also, the most awful. Poussin had represented before him the dreary waste of inundation; but not the inundation of a world. With an imagination that pierces from effects to their ghastly and sublime agency, Martin gives, in the same picture, a possible solution to the phenomenon he records; and in the gloomy and perturbed heaven, you see the conjunction of the sun, the moon, and a comet! I consider this the most magnificent alliance of philosophy and art of which the history of painting can boast.—*E. L. Buher.*

A Day's Work.—Before marriage, the late Mr. Henry Hunt spent one Sunday with Miss Halcomb, at Heytesbury, a distance of nearly thirty miles from his father's house, where the time passed so pleasantly that the clock struck twelve before he recollected that he had an engagement with his father's mowers at four on the Monday morning, to attack a field of oats, of seventeen acres and a half, very heavy crop, to see if they (five in number) could not cut it down the same day. It was one o'clock before he started; within two hours, however, he arrived home, and without waiting to take off his tight leather breeches (which were in fashion at the time), or his boots, he mounted another pony, and reached the field of oats (three miles off), just as the four men were stripped and whetting their scythes in order to begin. He went to work with them, and in ten minutes after the sun had sunk below the horizon, the last swathe was laid flat, and not one oat left standing—a day's work which stands unrivalled in this country; and which is the more uncommon, as, in fact, there were only four scythes at work during the greater part of the day; for it being exceedingly hot, one of the men, the worst mower of course, was principally employed in riding to and from the inn at Everley, to replenish the bottles.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

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